

study to contribute to the felicity of his people; it was too much to last. Aboul Mused, the delight of all hearts, the faithful slave to his sovereign, the deliverer of the oppressed, the refuge of the comfortless, the father of the poor, the prince of the Imans; Aboul Mused, so long beloved, so much to be lamented, yielded his soul to the fatal arrow of the angel of Death. The sincere sorrow, the dreadful lamentations, the never to be forgotten outcries of the faithful on that memorable day, are still the subject of conversation in Bagdaht: to be as sorrowful as the faithful were at the death of Aboul Mused, is become a proverb. Thus virtue meets with some portion of its reward, by the respect it claims from the good even on earth.

To attempt to describe the sorrow of the Calif on the death of his favourite, would be as vain as to think of counting the sands of the sea, or giving a cause for the yearly overflowing of the headless Nile: suffice it to say, that it could not be exceeded. It was impossible the Calif should ever forget the words he spoke when he lay dying in the arms of his beloved son Selim Abdallah. "O commander of the faithful I think it not beneath thee to attend to the words of thy dying slave; not to be sensible that I have deserved well of thee, would be doing injustice to my conscience: my heart accuses me not of ever having willingly  
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offended thee; I have constantly prayed to the great prophet, that he would intercede for thee with God, that thou shouldest possess accumulated heaps of virtuous honours: my prayers have been heard, and thou hast long blest thy faithful slaves of the city of Bagdaht; they have often tasted of thy munificence; they know the blessings that is in the power of a good sovereign to bestow: continue to shadow them with the wings of thy goodness; look upon them as children given thee by the Almighty for adoption; be not deaf to the voice of the oppressed; be sure that thy Cadis do justice even to the meanest: suffer not corruption to approach the throne of judgment; be mercifully severe to those who are deaf to the voice of reason, and never punish the slave whom milder methods will reform; for a slave executed, may be a future friend lost: in fine, virtuous Haroun, obey the good genius that constantly hovers over thee, and thou wilt not fail to do right."

With these words Aboul Mused, with almost a smile on his countenance, suffered his soul to take its flight into paradise. If others were sorrowful, his son Selim was more. The day before Aboul Mused quitted the earth, he spoke to Selim as follows: "I perceive, my son, the time of my dissolution approacheth: it is the will of the Almighty that I should go to my fathers, who are in Paradise; grieve

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